THE New Republic

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Some Doubts of an Ex-New Yorker

By MORRIS FREEDMAN

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BOOKS AND ART

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JUNE 10, 1957 25c

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Washington Wire

Another Dixon-Yates?

WAY BACK before you were born the United States came within an inch of selling Muscle Shoals to Henry Ford. Coolidge and Hoover advocated it; George Norris stopped it. If the deal had gone through, we wouldn't have had TVA.

But under Eisenhower, Hells Canyon—the last great natural power resource on the North American continent—was handed over to the Idaho Power Company (incorporated in Augusta, Me.). Truman's Oscar Chapman held it off, but Eisenhower's Douglas McKay put it through as the first major action taken under the new power policy.

The great Canyon demanded a dam as noble as the site—a single thrilling structure to express for all time the spirit of the people and the nation that produced it. Instead, the private utility undertook to build three small dams—dams that would not really harness the river and that, year after year, for ever and ever, would lose perhaps 400,000 kilowatts of prime power. A sleazy Niagara.

The argument for the private utility—in addition to encouraging "free enterprise"—was expressed by the Federal Power Commission. It could be realized, it explained, "without expense to the US." The Quixotic utility in its generosity, it explained, would take the magnificent resource right off our hands and exploit it without its costing the Treasury a cent!

And Congress agreed. But now we are beginning to find out what "no expense to the US" means. We have given away a vast natural resource; we have created a situation where generations to come will look at an incompletely harnessed site and say, "Why did the men of those days lack vision?" And on top of this we now discover that the Idaho Power Company is sending in a bill. Yes, and an embarrassed Administration is trying to cover it up very much as it tried to cover up realities in the now-cancelled Dixon-Yates contract.

The utility has applied for, and been granted by Eisenhower's administration, a rapid tax write-off subsidy to aid its construction. It is now officially estimated that this will cost the Treasury $83.5 million. (Total cost of the utility's three small dams is estimated at about $130 million.) This isn't the whole story.

Return of the Hound-Dog

YOU MAY remember how the Eisenhower Administration twisted and squirmed over the Dixon-Yates contract until the Kefauver committee finally revealed that one of the key figures was working not only for the government but for the private companies. (A fact the oblivious Eisenhower himself twice denied.) Now Kefauver is at work again. He has uncovered the fact that Interior Secretary Fred Seaton two months ago strongly recommended against giving the Idaho Company its big Federal fast tax write-off subsidy. He has disclosed that Gordon Gray, head of the Office of Defense Mobilization, although knowing of the adverse Seaton recommendation kept it secret and granted the tax write-off. (Such a conservative as Sen. Harry Byrd (D, Va.), called the grant "utterly indefensible.") Gray left the impression in public testimony that he was following Interior Department policy, neglecting to mention that McKay policy had been superceded by Seaton policy (just as Eisenhower power policy seems to have altered slightly after 1956 election returns) from the angry power-minded Pacific states. Gray, it turns out, took his troubles to Sherman Adams, just as officials did in the Dixon-Yates row, and he now refuses (just as they did) to testify on the subject. Only when Kefauver got hold of the Seaton letter from an independent source did Gray suddenly decide that it was not "privileged" after all.

Ploddingly, implacably, like a hound-dog on a hot scent, Kefauver is turning up hidden bodies. The Senate has one more chance to reverse its decision and take Hells Canyon away from the "no cost"—$83.5 million subsidy — Idaho Power Company. Another vote in Congress has been arranged. While the chances of reversal look rather slim, a lot of voters are going to mark this one down for keeps.

The Ignoble Democrats

IT WOULD always be nice when we criticize the Administration to be able to turn with relief to the virtuous and sagacious Democrats. No such luck. The Democratic leadership has been stampeded by the George Humphrey-US Chamber of Commerce "economy" hysteria into an alliance with the GOP Old Guard. We deplore the cuts voted in America's defense budget and the ruthless semi-destruction of the US Information Service.

It is true, of course, that Eisenhower brought this on himself. Some newspapers have tried a remarkable editorial feat; they have reversed themselves in mid-air. Hell-bent for "economy," they are now sheepishly drawing back. A new face-saving formula has been devised: they are for "economy" but not (Goodness no!) for "meat-axe economy." The Democrats have stepped right into this trap. They are tired and sick of being denounced as spenders. The temptation is to out-bid the GOP in cutting Eisenhower's budget. The trouble is that the Eisenhower budget is not really too big—relative to population, income and gross national product. The Democrats are making short-term gains at the expense of long-term goals.

Modern Republicanism or Fight!

SOME GOP papers profess to see Eisenhower regaining his diminished prestige with his two TV appearances. We can't see it.

To us it seems that an amiable and unimaginative popular hero has been used by politicians and that they now threaten to move on without him. We have seen Eisenhower "start to fight" half a dozen times before. It is possible, of course, that he really will rouse the public. But the public is prosperous, complacent and apathetic. Why else did they elect him, and who kept them that way?

T.R.B

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The New Republic

A JOURNAL OF OPINION

JUNE 10, 1957

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VOL. 136, NO. 23, ISSUE 2219

A Communication

▻ *A Figge for Robert Graves*

SIRS:

ROBERT GRAVES' attempt to prove that Milton's *L'Allegro,* while pleasant to listen to, makes no sense, and his innuendoes about Milton's honesty as a craftsman, help prove to me, in Mr. Graves' words, that "critics are seldom thinking of the poems they are supposed to assess, but only of the art with which they will write their criticism."

I'll grant that the subjective plays an important part in literary criticism, but I cannot see that this justifies constructing a poem (or parts thereof) the way one *thinks* Milton may have originally written it and then using this creation of one's imagination against him.

Moreover, what difference could it possibly make, anyway? We have evidence of all kinds of changes in the dif-

(Continued on page 23)

Science Testifies

THE big Congressional quiz into the truth about radiation dangers from bomb dust is not expected to harmonize views as diverse as those of Albert Schweitzer and Admiral Strauss. But it should establish what science knows about radioactive fallout and why scientists reach contradictory conclusions on its threat to man.

Historically speaking, this investigation falls in the fourth year of the age of "radiation without representation," yet this is the first careful public survey of the facts. By common reckoning this age began with the dusting of Japanese fishermen by the American Bikini bomb on March 1, 1954. Mounting world-wide anxiety during the ensuing 39 months led to the present clamor for a ban or limitation of bomb tests.

Questioning of the first 15 American scientists at the hearings shows the Congressional Joint Committee on Atomic Energy has done its home work assiduously. This is no search for headlines. Nor is it an attempt to embarrass the Eisenhower Administration.

The early fear that scientists might decline to say anything that might appear to contradict existing government policies was quickly disproved. For example, Dr. Alvin Graves of Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory stated flatly that there is no such thing as a "clean bomb"—that is, one that gives off no radiopoisons—and no prospect of developing one. The term "clean bomb," often used by President Eisenhower, Secretary of State Dulles, and Atomic Energy Chairman Strauss, is only a relative term, indicating some bombs create less harmful waste than others. (Admiral Strauss was sufficiently upset by this testimony to issue a special press release claiming progress toward a "clean bomb.")

Moreover, Dr. Lester Machta of the US Weather Bureau told the Committee that contrary to statements of the Atomic Energy Commission the bomb particle—strontium-90—which can cause bone cancer, is not falling from the sky at a uniform rate throughout the world but is more concentrated in some areas than in others. The northern tier of states in the US and the southern tier of Canadian provinces receive greater concentration than the world average concentration. Rain-water tests in New York City showed a 14-fold increase in fallout between March, 1954, and January, 1957: for the rest of the world the step-up was less pronounced.

Soil scientists from the US Conservation Service testified that contrary to official statements of the AEC, the harmful effects of strontium in the soil cannot be removed by leaching, or ploughing, or by adding more calcium, or by any other presently known method. Once deposited, this bomb particle moves into vegetables, fruits and cows' milk, and ultimately

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into human bones, where it continues to give off harmful radiation for years.

News reporters from a dozen countries covered the crowded hearings at the big Senate Caucus Room, scene of the Army-McCarthy hearings, but the quality of reporting has been mediocre from the scientist's viewpoint. One day's headlines were built around the statement of a witness that half the population of the US could be killed by a single nuclear raid, a report neither new nor germane to the day's inquiry. Another feature reporter picked up the isolated fact that a clam had been found 80 miles from the Bikini test site containing a concentration of radioactive cobalt several hundred thousand times greater than that found in the surrounding seawater, suggesting that some seafood soaks up radiopoisons at an extraordinary rate.

It would be unfair to the cautious spirit of the Congressional inquiry to suggest any firm conclusions at this stage, but two facts which emerged at the end of the first week seem likely to survive the scrutiny of remaining witnesses.

First, the reason why scientists have differed so widely in their views about bomb dust is not because of conflicting evidence, but because the scientists lacked sufficient knowledge; they were acting upon the best suppositions possible at the time. Some of the key assumptions on which the AEC has based its saccharin statements about fallout have now been challenged on the basis of newly available evidence. The weather expert Dr. Machta, for example, said he was contradicting the supposition of uniform fallout on the basis of "information which came to me within the past week." It is too soon to say that AEC views have been disproved, but there is likelihood of an extensive revision of present theories of fallout.

Second, scientists who differ widely in their opinions on present test hazards, agreed that some danger level can be set, beyond which bomb tests must be halted or the amount of bomb debris rigidly controlled. This opinion was shared by both government scientists and those employed by universities. What the danger level should be will be one of the key questions for 18 scientific witnesses still to be heard.

Chairman Chet Holifield and his Congressional subcommittee deserve the gratitude of all of us for the judicial character of their hearings. Because of this inquiry, the American cititzen will be better able to answer for himself one of the ultimate moral questions of our time: is the further testing of megaton bombs (the big Bikini type) or of kiloton weapons (Hiroshima size) so important to the military security of the free world that it is justified, whatever the hazard to health and to our own prestige abroad?

Trial by Jury

In Montgomery, Alabama, on May 30, 12 white jurors acquitted two young white men of the bombing of a Negro church. "Every white man, white woman and white child," defense attorneys pleaded, "is looking to you to preserve our sacred traditions." "[Your verdict] must go down in history as saying to the Negroes that 'you shall not pass'." One hour and 35 minutes later the white defendants were set free.

Such social pressure on Southern juries has also stood in the way of punishing local officials who have refused to register Negroes who apply to vote. And the most important section of the 4-point civil rights bill now before Congress is designed to deal directly with such violations of the federal law. The main thrust of the Southern opposition to the bill is aimed at this proposal which would empower the US Attorney General to seek civil court injunctions against local officials who deny qualified persons the right to vote. Any registrar who ignored such a court order could be tried for contempt in a federal court without benefit of jury.

Anti-civil rights leaders like Senators Eastland (Miss.) and Ervin (N.C.) attack the proposed new law on the ground that it would deny the right to trial by jury. (The Judiciary Committee Eastland heads has already voted to include a jury provision in the Senate bill.) They are aided by the fact that many of the public—and even some members of Congress who support civil rights in principle—fail to understand that neither the Constitution nor previous legal precedent calls for a jury trial in such cases of contempt of a Court's order, and that, as the American Civil Liberties Union has pointed out,

> To grant jury trials in the civil rights legislation would protect officials who are failing to do their duty in protecting the constitutional rights of citizens. . . . Jury trials in contempt cases growing out of such legislation would give a privileged position to state officials who

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might defy federal judges upholding the law. . . .

The anti-civil rights bloc is fighting to preserve this privileged position. Amending the proposed bill to eliminate enforcement of the right to vote is their real concern, for they have abandoned hope of killing the measure outright.

The anti-civil rights bloc in the Senate, as in the House, is weaker than it has been in many a Congress. Its leaders are aware that there is strong motivation in both parties for getting something done on civil rights this year. Republican Leader William Knowland has pledged the NAACP that he will personally lead the fight to break any filibuster that develops. And, in the fifth year of this Administration, the White House and the Attorney General are finally taking an active hand in lining up votes for the program.

The question is whether they can produce enough Modern Republicans to form a majority with Northern Democrats against the trial-by-jury amendment in the House and for limiting debate in the Senate.

Even if the bill passes *with* the amendment requiring jury trial for election officials, at least the timetable will have been speeded up. It took this Administration three years to produce any civil rights program at all. More Republicans have joined in support each time it has been offered since. Perhaps by 1959 the demand for early action by the House will be so strong that there can be no excuse for failure to act in the Senate.

Stopping the Leaks

WHEN THE facts about Dave Beck's free and easy ways with Teamsters' Union funds first began to come out, it was generally agreed that the laws regulating union welfare and pension funds should be tightened.

Sen. Paul Douglas (D, Ill.), it turned out, was the sponsor of a bill to do just that. Labor was supporting it, but some business organizations—led by the National Association of Manufacturers and the insurance industry—were opposed to making public the facts about their management pension funds and insurance commissions. As a result, the Douglas Bill was bogged down in the Senate Labor Committee.

When the Eisenhower Administration presented its own bill to subject welfare and pension funds to closer federal scrutiny, it specifically authorized the Secretary of Labor to exempt plans financed and managed exclusively by employers. Senator Douglas called the bill "a toothless cripple."

Since then the Administration has had some second thoughts. Last week Secretary James P. Mitchell appeared before the Labor Committee with some revisions. Further study had shown that it was necessary to regulate employer as well as labor welfare and benefit funds if looting and leakage were to be stopped. When Sen. Irving Ives (R, N.Y.) asked if he had adopted his ideas from the Douglas Bill, Mitchell replied, "Yes, I did."

The new bill will surely be approved by the Labor Committee now. But the influence of the insurance companies and the National Association of Manufacturers on both sides of the aisle will still have to be countered when the vote comes to the floor.

Chiang—A Wasting Asset

THE "quarantine Red China" policy was washed away by Britain's decision to permit its traders to buy and sell on the China market all but "strategic goods," which will be narrowly defined as those products now denied to the Soviet Union. Most of our allies will follow the British lead. But more has gone down the drain than some trade restrictions.

Our whole China policy has rested upon the importance of propping up the Formosan Government of Chiang Kai-shek as a military bastion for the free world, as a rallying point for anti-Communist Chinese and as a symbol of the anti-Communist movement in free Asia. This policy is now being questioned and may have been rendered meaningless by the Formosan riots of May 24.

The quarantine of Red China was never decisive for the Chinese. Much of what China could not buy directly abroad she bought from the Soviet Union, and if the Soviet Union did not have the goods, they were imported by way of European Russia. *Look* correspondent Edmund Stevens concluded after an inspection trip in China this spring that Chinese industrialization had never been halted by embargo. The political and cultural "isolation" of Mainland China has been another American delusion. Free Asian political leaders and journalists have visited Red China every year since the end of the Korean War in 1954, and the calls have been reciprocated by Communist Foreign Minister Chou En-lai and many Communist cultural missions.

Our misconceptions about Mainland China have been matched by our misconceptions about Formosa. Militarily, Formosa has never been an anchor of Free World defenses, in the sense that the Aleutians, Japan, Okinawa and the Philippines have been. As *New York Times* military columnist Hanson Baldwin, usually privy to Pentagon policy, wrote only last week: "Taiwan's importance to the US is largely negative. It must be denied to the Chinese Communists primarily because of its political and psychological importance."

And what is this "political and psychological importance"? Neutralism will be encouraged in other Asian countries, so the argument runs, if there is any lessening of American support for Chiang Kai-shek. If Mao is to be the winner, they will run to Mao. The 12 million

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Overseas Chinese residing in Southeast Asia might give in to Communist blandishments. And the free world would lose its most important propaganda base for inspiring revolt on the mainland of China.

These fears, and they are not entirely unreal, must be weighed against contrary considerations. For example, our staunchest military ally in South Asia, Pakistan, not only recognizes Red China but urges the US to do so. Neutralist governments like Burma and Ceylon learned to distrust China only after attempting to trade with the Reds. Furthermore, there are serious doubts about the effectiveness of Formosa as a propaganda base. Governments-in-exile have been notoriously poor at commanding the loyalty of the folks who stayed behind. During World War II the broadcasts of governments-in-exile were usually disregarded as coming from political leaders who saved their own skins by running away and, who, from a safe place, urged others to fight. When these countries were liberated, leadership gravitated not to the leaders-in-exile but to the partisan forces which had done the fighting. There is no reason to believe the Formosan Government would fare differently if the Communist Chinese were overthrown. The case for Formosa boils down to symbolism and sentiment, both valuable, but not sufficient as a policy.

A new American relationship to China is unquestionably in the making. It will involve neither American recognition of Red China nor the abandonment of Chiang Kai-shek. But it will come closer to an admission that there are two Chinas. Sooner or later, it will acknowledge that a world arms control plan, such as the President seeks, must include Red China. And it will confirm, at least tacitly, that present American policy toward China has been the most divisive issue in the Western Alliance and in Free Asia.

Okinawa Next?

FOUR HUNDRED air miles due northeast of Formosa is Okinawa—where three Marines hoisted Old Glory on a hilltop in the last battle of the war, and where Col. Wainwright Purdy III *(Teahouse of the August Moon)* discovered—to his dismay—Okinawans. Colonel Purdy may be no more than a creature of theatrical imagination, but his experiences are not entirely fictional. Under the Japanese peace treaty, the US military is charged with indefinite rule of the island, although Japan retains "residual" sovereignty. For the past three years anti-Americanism has simmered under the surface. Despite warnings such as the election of a Communist-allied mayor of the Okinawan capital of Naha, and alerts from such private groups as the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, our Purdys are not perturbed.

When Japanese unionists first reported trouble on Okinawa two years ago, ICFTU sent to the island a five-member study mission headed by AFL-CIO's George L. P. Weaver. In June, 1956, the ICFTU reported to the Pentagon: "unbelievably low" compensation to Okinawans for land requisitioned for military use, "inhumane conditions" in DP camps for farm families uprooted from their ancestral plots, and on the labor front, "disgracefully low," discriminatory wage rates.

18.3 cents an hour is not exactly a living wage, even if one accepts the theory that a higher scale would disrupt the local economy. By carrying this theory to its logical conclusion, the Army, which is the largest single employer on the island, also justifies paying other Okinawans 36 cents an hour for the identical job which nets a Japanese laborer in Okinawa $1.03, a Filipino $3.77, and an American $6.52.

Yet, contrary to Marxism, economics is not the only, or even ultimate, determinant. And what matters more to many Okinawans is our invasion of the Okinawan landscape. Even by Asian standards, Okinawa is densely populated—6,899 persons per square mile of farmland compared to 3,423 for overcrowded Japan. In obtaining land for military use, reported the ICFTU, we have taken the "social impact" hardly into account. Okinawans live on the basis of

> unique communities in which the livelihood of every member family is maintained through cooperation with a particular community. When the community as a unit is destroyed due to the military land requisition, the population faces exceedingly difficult conditions.

Adequate compensation and DP programs could minimize the damage, concludes ICFTU, but not when field commanders are primarily concerned with making a reputation for economy.

On the basis of the ICFTU recommendations, the Army now states that sick leave, social security, and snack bars are being made available to Okinawan employees. Wage ceilings on domestic help in the homes of the US military had resulted, said the ICFTU, in "shameful exploitation . . . by Army personnel unused to domestic employees." The Army has abolished these ceilings. The 3rd Marine Division has even restricted planned expansion to avoid still more land requisition. But on the wage question, the Pentagon has agreed only to investigate.

Next Week

RICHARD ROVERE

Arthur Miller—A Literary Interpretation

ROBERT E. FITCH

American Philosophy: A Requiem

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CBS Presents Khrushchev

IT IS SAID that 10 million Americans watched Mr. Khrushchev perform over CBS last Sunday. What did they conclude? No doubt what struck many most forcibly was the Soviet leader's bland contradiction of settled American opinions. For what American can take seriously Khrushchev's claim that the Kadar regime is solidly supported by the Hungarian people? And who can accept his verdict that capitalism has "enslaved" us? Words, in such moments, do not connect; they separate.

But there is another gulf that was only suggested by Mr. Khrushchev's remarks; this other gulf has yet to be seen clearly, let alone bridged. American opinion itself —and that includes opinion in high places—is divided between what we might call for convenience the Radford School and the Stassen School. The first school pins its faith finally on ever-greater scientific ingenuity, translated into weapons development. Security to the Radfords is synonymous with military superiority. But the competition for superiority produces, inevitably, something less than security, for two are playing the same game.

On the other side of the divide, the one we assume is occupied by Mr. Stassen, are those who fundamentally accept the Khrushchev assumption: some means must be found of limiting the arms race, not merely because of its economic cost, but because unlimited military competition in this nuclear age could mean mutual annihilation.

These two approaches—one cannot call them fixed positions—are as yet unreconciled in America.

But let us assume that the Stassen viewpoint prevails —that Russians and Americans are compelled by the same logic of tax burdens and atomic hazards to follow a path of peaceful co-existence. Is American opinion prepared for that eventuality? Not at present. It will remain for us to learn the skills by which we can, in practice, refute Mr. Khrushchev's theory that history is on the side of Communism. In fact, the challenge to our intelligence, imagination and patience may be greater in a world of non-military but competitive co-existence than it was during the cold war.

If the armaments race is slowed down or stopped, if fear of Russian military aggression subsides, what incentive will move the Congress when subsequent foreign aid or USIA budgets are under review? In place of the negative policy of containment, enforced by bases and bribes, shall we be able to devise and maintain a foreign policy that competes successfully with the Communist world? Will the American people, once fear lifts, be willing to help less-developed areas *because those areas need help,* and not because economic aid is the price we must pay for a defense pact or an overseas air base?

And how will we in an era of non-military but competitive co-existence, reconcile our democratic habit of permitting every Senator, Representative (even Mayor!) to sound off as if he were Secretary of State with the need for restraint and wisdom in the conduct of foreign affairs? In some ways, the Russians have a built-in advantage. Decisions are made, things are done. There is no Knowland in Moscow to embarrass or disrupt.

An equally tantalizing implication of Mr. Khrushchev's interview is whether heads of state will in the future spend more time in our living rooms. Something new in diplomatic history has happened, and we have hardly noticed it. We have recently seen TV interviews with the Prime Minister of Burma, with the President of Egypt and the Prime Minister of Israel (on the same program), with the Prime Minister of India and the Foreign Minister of Communist China.

Why should not the Russians now invite President Eisenhower to answer questions of Russian correspondents—from his office in the White House? Would the President be willing? And would we have Mr. Khrushchev's assurance that such an interview-without-script would be broadcast over every Russian TV and radio station, with the full text printed in *Pravda?*

Why Did Knopf Do It?

THE *National Review,* a radical journal of the Right, is angry with Alfred Knopf for publishing a book by Alger Hiss *(In the Court of Public Opinion,* $5) and thus "sponsoring the activities of the enemy in our midst." At the very least, says an editorial in the May 25 issue, Mr. Knopf should have simultaneously disavowed, "in his personal capacity," Mr. Hiss and all his evil works.

Why stop there? Was not Mr. Knopf honor-bound two years ago to issue a disclaimer (in his personal capacity) to the objectivity of Major General Courtney Whitney, author of *MacArthur, His Rendezvous with Destiny* (Knopf, $6.75)? And surely Harold Guinzburg, the head of Viking Press, should have shown his patriotism by denouncing the past deeds of Arthur Miller, whose collected plays are coming out under the Viking label. And what of Henry Regnery? Did he *have* to publish *The Communist Manifesto* by Marx and Engels (and for 65 cents, thereby guaranteeing a wide sale)? And if he had to, why did Mr. Regnery not alert prospective buyers of the book's seditious contents?

In its editorial, the *National Review* does not accuse Alfred Knopf of stealing atomic secrets or even of membership in the Communist Party. What then, it wonders, is Mr. Knopf's motivation: "Is it all, for Knopf, just a business venture?"

And with that rhetorical question, the radical character of the *Review* is finally established: the profit motive is a dangerous thing indeed.

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The Superficial Aspect

Lettuce and Logic

LETTUCE may do it where logic seems to have failed, and that is one for the book! Yet, after all, why not?

> Malt does more than Milton can
> To justify God's ways to man,

So why shouldn't lettuce be a more powerful argument than the brilliance of Adlai Stevenson and the earnestness of Albert Schweitzer combined?

I refer, of course, to our deliverance from the risk of having grandsons born with three eyes and granddaughters with a total of 11 fingers and 13 toes. This is one of the risks attendant on loading our systems with radioactive material, which can be effected not only by breathing tainted air but by eating food grown in poisoned soil.

In a recent report on radioactive fallout there was passing reference to the fact that lettuce grown near Riverside, California, has been found to be measurably radioactive. The explanation is that fallout from the nuclear explosions over in Nevada has been drawn from the soil by the plants. Riverside County is just north of Imperial Valley, which grows not only truck but a great deal of citrus fruit. No radioactivity seems to have been detected as yet in oranges, lemons and grapefruit from that region, but isn't it merely a matter of time?

For my part, I find myself with a sudden preference for fruits and vegetables grown in Florida. I do not think the California stuff is poisonous—yet. But the Atomic Energy Commission will be booming away in Nevada all summer long, and what conditions will be next September nobody on earth knows. The AEC says that they will not be dangerous, but the AEC doesn't know. For my part, I'll take lettuce from Florida.

As these lines were written, reports came in of a measurable fallout from the latest explosion—a little one, so they say—somewhat north of Sacramento, which is a matter of some 400 miles north of Riverside. No radioactivity has been reported in the lettuce around Sacramento, but again, isn't it merely a matter of time? A really big explosion might blanket all California.

Well, the air that they breathe is the Californians' worry, not mine. But California fruit is sold in Baltimore. I have had it on my own table and enjoyed it. Even now, I am pretty sure it is not dangerous, but somehow I doubt that I shall enjoy it as heartily as heretofore. The sight of a California orange will inevitably evoke ideas of bone cancer and that particularly horrible cancer of the blood called leukemia, and—well, never mind. After all, a Florida orange is excellent, and carries no associations of creeping, yellow death.

The argument of the AEC is that these tests are necessary for the national defense and they have to be made in Nevada because to carry all the men and equipment out into the middle of the Pacific would cost too much. Well, the Nevada experiments cost us California, that will be a pretty high price; and if nobody will eat California fruit if he can help it, California will be pretty badly damaged, not to say ruined.

Surely, the Californians are not overlooking this possibility. Perhaps, as used to be sung of the French, "they are a peculiar race," productive of more fancy religions and social systems than all the rest of the country; but they are also hardheaded business men. Ordinarily, they are alert to any threat to their financial interests and here is one of great magnitude. If the program of the AEC is going to have the effect that the rest of the country will be afraid to handle California lettuce except with tongs, that program isn't going to be popular.

The Native Sons may regard Mr. Stevenson and Dr. Schweitzer as woolly-minded theorists, but a damaged market for California products isn't any theory. Pollution of the atmosphere may be merely a nightmare, but there is nothing imaginary about a boycott and the present state of public opinion is favorable to the development of a serious one.

AS FOR Nevada itself, the few oases in that American Sahara cannot muster votes enough to have any appreciable effect on such a power as the Atomic Energy Commission. If a few lovelies come back from Las Vegas and Reno with a divorce decree, but without a hair left on their bodies, we may have to construct another divorce mill, but that offers no insuperable difficulty.

California is the problem because California voters are like the grasshoppers for number. If they go on the warpath they may raise an uproar that may shake even Mr. Lewis Strauss' confidence that the Atomic Energy Commission is a corporate Fourth Person of the Trinity whose decrees it is blasphemy to question, even should it decree the slow poisoning of a large area of the United States. If Mr. Strauss should lose his confidence the whole country would have reason to be grateful; and if we are to owe the blessing to lettuce rather than to logic, what of it?

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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On Being Arrested In Leningrad

AT 4:45 p.m. last May 10, I was walking along Belinskogo Street in Leningrad, bound for an industrial section of the city. Suddenly I encountered some Soviet citizens whom I had long wanted to photograph—a column of six- and seven-year-olds straggling along the sidewalk. They were laughing and singing; one tiny girl in red did a couple of ballet steps to a tune blaring out from a music store. Hastily backing into the sun, I snapped one picture and proceeded on.

Just after turning left at the next corner I was touched on the arm by a policeman who saluted politely and spoke a few words to me. I indicated that I did not speak Russian. After pausing uncertainly he let me pass on. I assumed that I crossed the street against the traffic light—there is a campaign on against jay-walking in Russia—and had forgotten the matter when another policeman came up, saluted and asked me for my passport. His concern seemed to increase on looking at it, and while a gaping crowd gathered he led me off down the street, into a courtyard, down some narrow steps and into a dark and dingy police office.

There now ensued a comic-opera struggle to discover what the charge was. The policeman pointed to my camera, but since there are few restrictions on photographing Russia—indeed, I had taken several shots inside the Kremlin walls of the buildings where Khrushchev and Bulganin are supposed to have their offices—I could hardly believe that this was the trouble. Through gestures, a few Russian words and pictures of my own children, I managed to explain that I had taken a picture only of some children, but this did not seem to lessen my host's anxiety. Nor was my own lessened when he seized my map of Leningrad and pointed ominously to the Fortress of Peter and Paul, used for two centuries as a jail for political prisoners.

So we sat there, I baffled, he thoughtful. His superior officer arrived, made a few telephone calls and then sat back and looked at me impassively. Minutes slowly passed. Behind me several anonymous civilians shuffled papers. A large, dusty bust of Stalin looked coldly down from the corner. While gloomily contemplating my fate, I noticed a young, rather pretty Russian woman who occasionally eyed me furtively. Her passport lay next to mine on the police desk. I wondered idly how she too had been caught in the police net, whether she and I soon would be crossing the river to the Fortress of Peter and Paul.

An hour went by; more officials arrived. One of them could speak English. He explained to me, to my amazement, that my pretty fellow prisoner was my accuser. She had seen me taking a picture of a "government building" and had promptly reported me to the nearest cop. Evidently Leningrad had not got the word that picture-taking is now allowed.

I exclaimed with some warmth that I had not photographed a building—only some beautiful Russian children. I offered, as my trump card, willingness to have my pictures developed (wondering all the time whether I might have taken a picture of a government building, whether there was any building in socialist Russia not considered a government building, and whether my pictures inside the Kremlin were on this same roll). Fortunately they did not take me up on this, for the atmosphere was already changing. By now more officials had arrived, my lady accuser was looking a bit distressed at all the fuss she had kicked up, and I was demonstrating how impossible it was to take a picture of *any* building when aiming at some tots at one's feet.

"It is an unfortunate error," I was told. "This lady misunderstood. She does not know how your camera works. She offers her apologies. Will you accept them?"

"Yes—but in a minute." The atmosphere having suddenly changed, I now had all the bravado of the newly vindicated. I made a short speech—which I insisted on being translated—about friendship between the American and Russian peoples, about mutual confidence, about the evil results of suspicion. Then I shook hands with my accuser. I shook hands with the police. I shook hands with the officials. The incident was closed.

IT WAS a curious business, coming at the end of two weeks during which I had been allowed to study the ground from Russian airplanes through small field glasses, of following our route on a map, of wandering about the cities with the utmost freedom, of having no impression of censored mail or tapped hotel rooms. I had to remember that it was this same Leningrad 15 years ago where corpses lay in the streets for days, where children lost fingers and toes to frostbite; such experiences leave their scars.

Anyway, I felt that I had the best of it. I had given a speech on tolerance and good will in a Russian police office—all before a captive audience of police, officials, and civilians. What more could a civil libertarian ask?

JAMES MACGREGOR BURNS

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"Clean" and "Dirty" Bombs

by DAVID R. INGLIS

THE NEW REPUBLIC proposed an international agreement to ban "dirty-bomb" tests as a means of reducing radioactivity—if we can't go the whole way and ban all nuclear weapons tests now. This merits attention—if no more can be done—because the development of a national policy to seek security through arms limitation faces serious psychological blocks, and a ban on "dirty-bomb" tests could serve as an important first step toward an altered attitude. But it is important to realize that such a ban would fall far short of what could be accomplished by a ban of *all* nuclear tests.

The banning of "dirty-bomb" tests would not remove the prospect of the use of "dirty bombs" in war. The present nuclear powers already know how to make them, and it is generally supposed that they provide much cheaper destruction than do the "clean" bombs that are said to be under development. The "small" bombs that we propose to use against fleets of attacking aircraft are presumably of the "dirty" atomic variety. If war should break out, their use seems inevitable.

The banning of "dirty-bomb" tests would, however, have the immediately beneficial effect of making the tests less noxious. It would go a long way toward calming the fears of the world. It is the debris of "dirty bombs," from the tests of three nations, that has made the unfortunately situated Japanese so sensitive to the radioactive hazard. But I repeat that the threat of nuclear war is a much more serious danger to the world than the test fallout hazard. Much more important reasons for wanting to ban the testing of "dirty bombs" are found in *the effect of such a ban on the likelihood of war*. Here we will have to compare it with the effect of banning *all* nuclear weapons tests.

Powerful arguments have been advanced for seeking an agreement to stop the testing of all nuclear weapons. Adequate monitoring would be far simpler than for more extensive arms limitation. It would consist primarily of the same type of air sampling at a distance that is carried out now, but preferably under UN auspices. It might perhaps be necessary to supplement this with a few ground observation posts (such as already suggested by the Russians) if we were to be very careful about excluding the possibility of very small and thus relatively unimportant tests.

Such an agreement would leave unaltered the stabilizing influence of deterrence with our present amply destructive weapons. But stopping tests would reduce the likelihood of an accidental outbreak of war in three important ways: (1) It would prevent the spread of the nuclear arms race to other nations; (2) by slowing down the rate of development of new weapons it would reduce the chance of a technical breakthrough, which if made on the wrong side might provide a temptation to attack to end the dangerous stalemate; (3) if established before it is too late, it would prevent or greatly delay the advent of "push-button warfare" based on swift Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles with hydrogen warheads. If the development of such instruments of swift devastation is not stopped, the world will be even more a tinder-box than it is now. Hidden in inconspicuous holes in the ground, these weapons will be almost impossible to bring under eventual control.

A "dirty-bomb" test ban would accomplish the first of these aims: that is, it would prevent the atomic have-not nations from getting started on nuclear weapons development—barring some unforeseeable freak—because it is apparently necessary to develop "dirty" fission bombs to use as a trigger for the "clean" H-bombs. But such a limited ban would not accomplish the second and third aims mentioned above.

A "dirty-bomb" test ban would concentrate development on H-bombs, but not exclusively on "clean" bombs. A pure and "clean" H-bomb presumably involves the most tricky techniques and uses the most costly ingredients. It would probably be entirely possible to make advances in H-bomb techniques by "clean" tests, and then to add some cheap and "dirty" ingredients to make a still more powerful weapon in a dependable way not requiring final tests. However, there will always be a premium on stockpiling tested weapons, and for this reason a "dirty-bomb" test ban would somewhat encourage cleanliness of strategic stockpiles.

The future development of swift ICBM delivery will

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put real emphasis on compactness of a very powerful warhead. This might make the question of cost of material used relatively unimportant and a fairly pure (and "clean") H-bomb will probably be the most appropriate kind. Thus, a "dirty-bomb" test ban would probably impede the development of the most important strategic weapons very little, if at all.

It seems fair to presume that the fission techniques of making "A-bombs" are so well known by now in the present nuclear nations that the development of small tactical weapons can go on making considerable progress without benefit of further nuclear tests. Nevertheless, banning "dirty" tests would be a distinct handicap in the development both of air defense missiles and of atomic firepower for ground troops.

Our major reliance at present is on the effectiveness of deterrence to keep the peace, each side having the capability of practically destroying the functioning homeland of the other. The development of fairly effective defense on both sides would detract from the persuasiveness of the deterrent. Insofar as it interferes with the development of defense against air attack more than with strategic offense, therefore, a "dirty-bomb" test ban would strengthen the effectiveness of deterrence, a fact which should make it acceptable to our policy planners.

There are sound military reasons for wanting to concentrate strategic weapons development on "clean" bombs, in order to have a weapon of enormous but predictable destructiveness, less inhibited by moral compunctions and less likely to "boomerang" on the user. This, too, may make the "dirty-bomb" test ban proposal appeal to policy planners where the more ambitious proposal to ban the testing of all nuclear weapons has failed. It is a modest proposal which creates a minimum of interference with further arms development, and this in such a way as to strengthen the effectiveness of deterrence, while contributing to the solution of the many-nuclear-nation problem and at the same time getting rid of much of the international unpleasantness of the testing program.

BUT IT must be recognized that the banning of "dirty-bomb" tests while permitting "clean" ones poses more difficult technical problems of monitoring than does the banning of *all* tests. Our policy-makers' principal objection to banning all tests is their claim that we cannot be sure of detecting a violation from outside the borders of Siberia. It is presumably not "clean-bomb" tests, which means certain big H-bomb tests, that they fear we might fail to detect. These give out plenty of relatively harmless radioactive products, such as tritium, for certain detection. The claim is that there might be little explosions, which means "dirty-bomb" explosions, that we might not detect. It is hard to imagine how anything as big as even the first little test at Alamogordo could be hidden and escape detection. Perhaps our officials are thinking of something much smaller than that, but if so, it would seem no great danger that such a test should be missed. Moreover, even this weak objection could be removed by setting up ground monitoring posts inside the large countries.

"Clean" and "Dirty" Bombs

A "clean" bomb is so-called because of its relative cleanliness—having only a small ratio of radioactive fission products as compared either to its blast power or its tritium production. The production of tritium, for example, is a measure of the extent to which it derives its power from fusion—the H-bomb process — rather than fission — the "dirty" uranium or A-bomb process yielding products that find their way into the human body. Thus, briefly put, "clean" bombs are big bombs, but not all big bombs are "clean" bombs.

If all tests were banned, the monitors would have to ascertain simply that no tests have taken place. If only "dirty-bomb" tests are banned, there is the additional problem of certifying what kind of a test has taken place. This would probably require that "clean" tests be permitted only at previously announced sites, and only after arranging for international observers to be given access to positions favorable for observing the bomb debris. This requirement may seem at first sight to be an unreasonable infringement on independence of national action, but really does not seriously interfere with inventiveness in weapons development, which is the chief purpose of the tests.

All-out nuclear war may dump hundreds of times as much radioactivity into the stratosphere as is there already. The greatly enhanced worldwide fallout which would result provides an unprecedented reason for establishing some limitation on independent national action. It becomes the business of all nations to see to it that no two nations wage a nuclear war. Through fallout it would strike them all. The prospective catastrophe of direct bomb devastation, along with local fallout, is a threat to the large nuclear nations that should motivate them to do everything possible to reduce the chance of war. The worldwide fallout of nuclear war binds all nations to the common cause. If the large nations would lead the way, the rest should gladly go along. Unusual international arrangements are needed to meet the unprecedented threat. An arrangement to stop "dirty-bomb" tests would be a very useful step. I want to conclude, however, with a repeated plea for an end to *all* tests.

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Wonderful Town?

by MORRIS FREEDMAN

illustrations by Osborn

"New York, New York, it's a helluva town,
The Bronx is up and the Battery's down,
The People ride in a hole in the ground. . . ."

THE ONE thing even the most hardened New Yorker (Chicagoan, Philadelphian) cannot avoid is the sheer presence of the city, its physical bulk, its complexities of movement, its squashing crowds, its oppression and indifference. Where Sherwood Anderson was the chronicler of small town terrors, John Cheever today records metropolitan and suburban horrors. For cities exist by size, by forcing huge numbers of people through funnels into small areas, by neglecting utterly the eye's need and the body's need of nature, the mind's need for occasional separateness. Sooner or later, the plain difficulty of daily living—of getting from home to work and back again; of shopping; of going to the theatre, concert hall, or museum—makes anything the city may offer just not worth it. Only a whimsical, arch romanticist like E. B. White can after many years still address poems of adoration to the city, but then he has his Maine refuge.

Take New York. You can't get from any Long Island community into the city in much under an hour, and a quite uncomfortable one too, whether you drive through crowded traffic or bounce in a Long Island Railroad car or stand in the subway, lurching, elbows pinned, sweating, all the way to or from Jamaica or Flushing. I speak of Long Island, but it's the same for Westchester, Connecticut, New Jersey, Riverdale. That much publicized commuter's bus in Chicago with luxurious accommodations is just a desperate effort to do something about the problem; it would take a fleet of such buses, snarling traffic all the more, to take care of all Chicago commuters.

Return to the city? Before we left New York—never to return we hope—such a movement was growing. Defeated, frustrated suburbanites were giving up their daily two-to-three-hour battle of attrition. They sold their split-level and ranch homes, took apartments at huge rents in the city, enrolled their children in private schools, disposed of their cars (or else settled down with them to that peculiar game adults play in New York, like musical chairs, of periodic daily shifting of parked automobiles). They accepted the lack of space, of greenery, of views of sky; the presence of smoke, soot, dirt and noise.

But the worst thing these returning exiles accepted, I feel now, was a kind of living with the ever-present sense of the imminence of disaster. I am aware now, away from the city for nearly two years, of how casually one accepts sudden death in New York—the killing of a woman crossing Herald Square, her skull crumpled by a truck (I saw that); a plane hitting the Empire State Building (I worked across the street); the forcing of someone off a crowded subway platform into the path of a train (I used to look at daily headlines describing that; they said

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the person jumped or fell, but how could anyone ever know?); the falling of a flower pot or a wooden beam from the heights of a building, to hit an old Negro man or kill a chauffeur in a Rolls-Royce (I read about these); and the countless daily acts of mayhem, so commonplace they never got into the newspapers. I remember two great winter strikes in New York in recent years that threatened disaster, one resulting in a shortage of milk, the other, of fuel. I remember, too, the shudder that swept the city when international politics seemed to be getting out of control and everyone became a private, momentary volunteer for Civil Defense, watching the skies for the plane that carried the little bomb. There was that occasional comic feeling, too, not unmixed with panic, of being jammed on Manhattan Island as in a Marx Brothers' stateroom.

One accepts the nightmares of the city for the sake of culture, sophisticated society, jobs. As for the culture, during our last year in New York, my wife and I went to the theatre just once. That night cost us, with modest tickets, close to $20 and several hours of nervous harassment. Even the museums and art galleries get intolerably crowded. Perhaps one can work harried and exhausted; it is more difficult to respond to art in that condition. Metropolitan social life and metropolitan jobs, too, once the enchantment wears off, become thoughtlessly competitive. Social caste becomes determined by work caste, and that, in turn, all too often, by one-upmanship. Insiderism, snobbism, intrigue, become techniques of daily living. The most routine and essential services become marked by callousness; bus drivers ignore you in the rain; doctors and hospitals treat you as a moving cadaver on an assembly line. Anonymity is Everyman; as one must forget one's identity in the frantic motions at the beginning, middle, and end of the work day, so one forgets it in his office, at parties, with friends, even, at last, with his family and with himself.

Not everyone, of course, is lost, nor do all the lost lose themselves in the same way, but those that survive illustrate what it takes to stay alive and at what expense. I think of people I know who are not anonymous bodies in the big city. All are persons of the greatest self-understanding and independence of spirit and mind. But they, too, have clearly compromised with the demons; it is obvious that their work could be so much richer were they not required to spend so much of their resources countering the hazards of the city.

I KNOW about the "cosmopolitanism" of New Yorkers. To me they are monstrous solipsists (as I was), with a built-in provincialism far narrower and more pernicious than anything found in the provinces. The urban area is their universe. In part, like any provincialism, this comes from innocence; in greater part, however, it is the result of the general competitive atmosphere: if one successfully bulls his way through the subway, through an

office, through a cocktail shindig, through domestic difficulties, then the results *must* be worth it. If the game is worth the playing, it must be worth the winning. To some degree, every big city dweller must be afflicted with this notion, else why does he remain? Why else does he allow himself to live in tenements, in an outrageous climate (there isn't a big city in this country today with a decent climate), tied down to a job sometimes easily duplicated elsewhere?

The answer is that more and more he is breaking away. Sometimes reasons of health force him, against his will, to join the exodus; other times, retirement gives him an excuse for release; and sometimes, he flees in sudden awareness of the Kafka-esque bleakness. Relocation is becoming a national pastime, with more Americans living outside the state they were born in than ever before. It has become easier, even cheaper, to travel and to move one's household. The American family, as social workers and sociologists have been discovering with some surprise, has a built-in cohesiveness and stability it takes with it anywhere. The highways of the country are dotted with station wagons carrying families and pulling trailers. Cities and towns have become so much the same everywhere that one can pick up and leave home, school,

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church, shopping center, and a thousand miles away find everything duplicated. And if television has brought the glories of the big cities to the countryside at large, it has also brought that countryside into the big cities, one way or another. There is no longer a great unknown west of the Hudson or of the Mississippi.

The big city exodus is not unrelated to the growing sense of responsibility toward one's family. *Life* magazine recently reported on businessmen who retired young and moved their families away from the city to live in vacation territory, where they might spend more time with wives and children. There's a growing feeling that one just isn't doing right by one's offspring if the child isn't exposed to the countryside, some time, some way. Witness the boom in children's summer camps surrounding big cities. What makes more sense than to move the whole kit and caboodle to that countryside for all four seasons?

Artists, writers, free-floating intellectuals, who once made their way in droves to the big cities, are now finding small centers in congenial countryside which satisfy their longings. A Joseph Wood Krutch moves to Arizona; a Stanley Walker to Texas; a Leslie Fiedler to Montana. And one suddenly realizes that writers have long functioned well removed from the big city: William Faulkner and Eudora Welty in Mississippi; Oliver La Farge, Ramon Sender in New Mexico; Walter van Tilburg Clark, until his recent move to California, in Nevada and Montana.

American cultural life which used to be centripetally focused on big cities is now becoming centrifugal. Advertising and business administration college graduates may still head for New York or Chicago first, but scientists and engineers are spreading out. Young people interested in writing, painting, music, or just scholarship no longer find that they have to head for the metropolis. The state universities more and more are meeting local needs. One of the high-powered creative writing college programs in the country is in Iowa, the heart of the corn belt that used to send so many young writers to Greenwich Village. The state universities of Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois are now foremost centers for study in the humanities. The University of New Mexico, in Albuquerque, is planning to sponsor a young artist for a summer of creative work at the D. H. Lawrence ranch in Taos, given by Frieda Lawrence Ravagli to the University before her death. Frank Lloyd Wright has a major center for architectural thought and production in Arizona, at Taliesin West. Colonies of creative workers—of varying degrees of seriousness, to be sure—are to be found in the Carmel area of California, in Santa Fe and Taos in New Mexico, clustered about the many universities one finds in the climatically and scenically pleasing Far West and Southwest. Even persons who for one reason or another cannot break away completely from the big city try to reduce their dependence on it. Television and publishing personages in New York, for example, get out to the Connecticut woods or the Virginia hills and come to Manhattan only on business.

THERE is no real possibility, I suppose, of the big city's disappearing, or of its growing significantly smaller. But there is also no question, it seems to me, that the attractions once thought to be exclusive to the big city are now available in some form in the remotest areas of the country. Mencken has gone, and with him the definition of the hinterland as a cultural "Sahara." Artur Rubinstein, returning from a recent tour through that Sahara, commented: "Small towns throughout America are more receptive to fine music than old cities in France. . . . " Not only do small cities offer musical recitals of various sorts (I have just attended a concert of the Modern Jazz Quartet), symphony concerts, art exhibitions (including traveling displays from the big Eastern museums), theatre productions (unfortunately all too often imitative of Broadway box-office hits although I have just seen a first-rate presentation of *The Devil's Disciple* in Albuquerque), opportunities for study and thought, but also all sorts of things big cities no longer, and in some cases, never did offer—a relaxed pace of living, attractive physical setting, usually an authentic and as yet uncorrupted atmosphere, companions of the same

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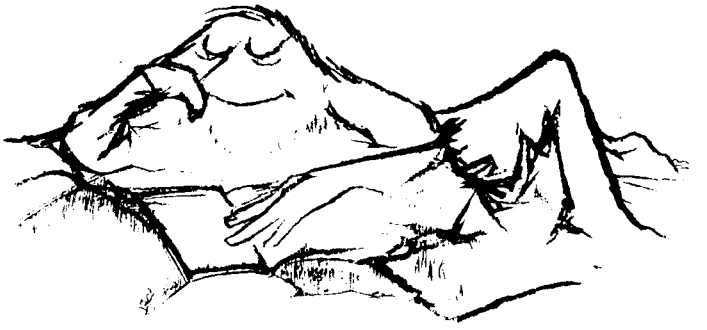
stimulating type to be found in big cities and also of a type never to be found there. And you can *choose* among these offerings.

The small city abominations Anderson, Lewis, and Mencken catalogued have all but disappeared as the result of the greatly changed technology and sociology in American life since the twenties. Books and television are as ubiquitous as the latest enlightened theories of psychology, sociology, literature, history and politics, broadcast far and wide by *Life,* Murrow, and Anchor Books. Privacy, if one wants that, is as available as in New York or Chicago, in some ways more available, for small cities tend not to become fragmented like big ones into neighborhoods and tenement communities, or into social cliques centering around one's job, with everyone jostling one another. The campus of the University of New Mexico is a freer and more relaxed place, intellectually more curious and open, than many institutions of higher learning in the metropolitan centers of the Midwest and East. Rotarians, Kiwanians, and Lions are all now "enlightened," and kid themselves, not least, to be sure, because of what Anderson, Mencken and Lewis wrote. What many would consider the minimum essentials of civilization have spread everywhere: name a city of 100,000 or so, and it will surely have a first-rate restaurant offering a continental cuisine, a hi-fi shop, and a haberdashery discreetly advertising Ivy League suits and accessories. The big city is no longer the exclusive showplace for the signs of wealth and urbanity.

Nor is the widespread enlightenment I speak of merely a matter of mass consumption of culture; creativity, I submit, is flourishing widely and significantly outside the city. It is true that writers, artists, musicians, thinkers cannot meet for lunch or drinks in the country at large as regularly and endlessly as in the cafés of Greenwich Village or Morningside Heights. But then the work turned out today in the metropolitan centers alone is often of a rather special character and comes from a different impulse from the work produced elsewhere. There was a time when artists had to borrow strength and assurance from one another, and the Chicago and New York salons were indispensable hothouses for cultivating talent, but today the soil is fertile almost anywhere but in the city, where it has become, at best, almost used up, at worst, poisoned. There is a nervous, frenetic quality about art exclusively manufactured in the city, in subject, tone, and achievement; it is focused narrowly inward; it springs as much from a badgering jealousy as from serious intention. (A friend, I learn, is to have a play produced on Broadway next year. I applaud him now and share unreservedly in his good fortune; two years ago, in New York, my feelings would have been less generous, instinctively competitive.)

Creation must always be, even ultimately in the city, entirely personal and lonesome, indifferent to society. A



Saul Bellow, a Bernard Malamud, a Herbert Gold, a Leslie Fiedler, a Flannery O'Connor, a John Steinbeck, a Tennessee Williams, all move through the world at large, quite alone, and write. As for that catalytic contact with personalities and ideas, always so important anywhere for productivity, one gets that at writers' conferences, with students (always stimulating and fresh in their responses and challenges), or with genuinely responsive people anywhere. Young writers used to complain to me that the togetherness of artists in the city had somehow crippled and sabotaged them; either they spent their time in interminable talk, evading their tasks; or the sirens of advertising, television, and publishing lured them away from their most serious purpose; or they fell into the easy and ready patterns established for them by dominant figures. The important idioms of our time have come from the lone artists, those geographically self-exiled from metropolis—Hemingway and Faulkner —or spiritually alienated from it—Cheever and Salinger.

Let me concede that the city always beckons, always lurks as the arena where the artist must submit himself to judgment. The city will always remain a place for occasional sojourn, where the artist can measure the response to his work and find out what is going on everywhere in his discipline. He carries on his routine business in the city and may even get himself recharged there, like a salesman attending a convention. But he does his solid work in the field, in the setting which provides an opportunity for a more authentic engagement with people, with ideas, and with oneself than most cities today can—in Jackson, Mississippi, on a Cuban island, in Santa Fé, in Majorca.

Subject, of course, to all sorts of exceptions and modifications, it seems easier to be eccentric, or to put it more happily, to be yourself, in a small city today amidst normal surroundings than in a big one. The most important thing smaller cities now almost alone offer in the United States is the one great thing it was thought in the twenties only the big city could offer (benighted metropolitan captives still think this)—a genuine chance to become most fully oneself, to carry out thought to serious conclusions, to develop meaningful relationships with family and friends, to work productively with one's best talents.

I was born, raised and earned my living in New York, but the finest hour for me was when I picked up my hat and said, Farewell, my unlovely.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

The Isolation of James Joyce

by Leon Edel

THE letters of James Joyce have been assembled, sixteen years after his death, by Stuart Gilbert, a former British judge in Burma who was an intimate of the writer during the avant-garde era in Paris. He has edited them perhaps with more piety than scholarliness, and he bowdlerizes them to the extent of substituting dashes for certain words Joyce long ago, in the courts of the world, won the right to print. There are some four hundred letters and most readers will pronounce them "disappointing." They are simply not the letters one expects from the supreme verbal artist of our century.

Letters of James Joyce, edited by Stuart Gilbert (Viking; $7.50).

To judge from the contents of this volume, Joyce seems to have been singularly unaware of the art of friendship and of the uses of letters in human relations. His correspondence has none of the easy give-and-take of the great epistolary artists. One finds in them no generalizations about literature, no discussion of the work of contemporaries, no hint of a literary idea or a theory. Only occasionally do they give us flashes of the word-audacities of *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*. By comparison with the letters of Flaubert, whose career and work in some ways resembled Joyce's, they are the hasty scribbles of a petty clerk, a polite egocentric rather than of a committed man of letters. They are marginal fragments of Joyce's life, but not of his creative life, things he had to scribble down for that minimal communication forced upon an individual by the daily demands of the world.

It is true that Joyce belongs to the era of the telephone and the telegraph which has tended to extinguish letter writing; and it is no less true that a man as work-ridden and near-sighted and self-obsessed as Joyce probably tended to write only the most necessary letters. This would not explain, however, their stilted uncomfortable character, their dry "unrelatedness" even to individuals close to Joyce. Only on certain occasions, as in letters to his family, or to the artist, Frank Budgen, do we feel any sense of camaraderie; and in the chronicle-letters to Harriet Shaw Weaver, Joyce's patron who saved him from poverty, we get glimmerings of a lived life—but even here it is largely the recounting by a grateful son to a bountiful mother of the little facts of daily existence.

If these letters tell us little that we did not know before, and little that Joyce, the most autobiographical of artists, did not write into his work, they offer us, nevertheless, certain insights into Joyce's private world—the struggle to retain his sight, the tragedy of his daughter's madness, the obsessive way in which he collected flotsam and jetsam out of our civilization for his myth-making books. Precisely because of their egocentricity, they vouchsafe us, for the first time, a biographical picture of the artist which is more in focus than any we have had before. We have always known what a lonely figure Joyce was: the theme of loneliness is in all his work, from the early self-image in a poem as a "high unconsortable one" to the last words of *Finnegans Wake*:

a way a lone a last a loved a long the

But it is these pathetic fragments of his life, shored up from four decades of writing, which give us the depths of his isolation. We catch at least the vision—it is a poignant one—of a virtuoso alone with his instrument; or the artist (in Joyce's own image) paring his fingernails as a gesture of indifference. The gesture, in reality, is one of despair. Joyce moved in darkness, and not only because of his failing sight. It was his inability to experience his fellow-humans and to relate to them which explains the nature of his letters, the bric-à-brac character of much of his later writing.

He was one of Melville's *isolatoes* and this is why he gave us so superb a picture of man as prisoner of his own consciousness, searching for a son or a father he could never find. His letters reveal more; they show a Joyce-against-the-world, and so deep is his sense of brooding alienation that he converts this into an elaborate legend of the-world-against-Joyce. The letters should, once and for all, dissipate the idea conveyed by the artist that he was an exile, an outcast, a proscribed writer, victim of conspiracies and neglects. He left Ireland of his own free will; his difficulties in finding publishers were no greater than those of any young writer with a sheaf of verses or tales under his arm; but they were certainly exacerbated by his own truculence and rage at printers and publishers, and his inability to accommodate himself to certain practical conditions in the marketplace of letters which involved no genuine question of the writer's freedom. Moreover Joyce had a way of inspiring loyalty in his intimates. Yeats helped him early in his career; Pound worked zealously on his behalf; T. S. Eliot gave assistance; even elderly Sir Edmund Gosse, who later denounced him, got him a Royal bounty in the black days of the first world war. And Joyce ultimately found what many artists never achieve: a generous patron who gave him large sums with no strings attached.

IT becomes clear now that Joyce's feuds with printers and publishers were in reality ways of inviting attention to himself, and Joyce's insistence on using scatalogical language was often nothing more than the act of a youngster trying to produce an effect on his elders by mouthing cuss words. Joyce seems to have possessed a terrible need for the snubs of this world. He had announced he would not serve "my home, my fatherland, or my church," and when punishment did not descend forthwith from heaven, he looked for it between the lines of the world's praise and went out of his way to provoke it.

And so he created magnificent labyrinths, and was happy in the bafflement and the scorn they aroused; in a paradoxical way this seems to have reassured him of his uniqueness. An art-

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ist, however, also needs applause. So the letters show that Joyce quietly handed the keys of his labyrinths to certain of his intimates. We now know what we long suspected: that the volume of essays expounding *Finnegans Wake* containing elucidations by Samuel Beckett, Stuart Gilbert, Eugene Jolas and others, was instigated by himself and based on his explications of his own text, and that Gilbert's commentary on *Ulysses* received its design from Joyce himself. The man who organized a claque for an Irish tenor at the Paris opera was adept at organizing a claque for himself. The writer posed as a public mystery so that he might be misunderstood and reviled; and under the private mask of "silence, exile, cunning" sent forth apostles to explain his words.

There are still large gaps in the correspondence, and doubtless some will never be filled. But we know enough to undertake a re-assessment of James Joyce and his art. The man who walked "a way a lone" was in reality a supremely lost member of the "lost generation." In his abysmal loneliness, he fashioned the complex myths, the word-fabrics from the seadrift of our century. The Joyce of his own legend was a stalwart fighter for the artist's freedom, committed to recreating the conscience of his race, the splendid rejuvenator of the novel and of the English language. The Joyce of these letters is a sad, harassed and driven individual—himself against the "bludyn world"!—but also aware, in his strange and obsessive pursuit of monstrous pedantries, linguistic puns, pastiches and mimicries, of the tides of eternity and the cycles—and nightmares—of history.

Passion in the Groves of Academe

by Honor Tracy

WITH her third novel Miss Iris Murdoch fulfils the promise of the other two and establishes herself as the only interesting English novelist to arise since the war. This is not said in disparagement of the many interesting, or entertaining, *novels* that have appeared: Mr. Kingsley Amis comes to mind immediately here; but Miss Murdoch alone seems to add a truly original mind to the other gifts of a story-teller.

The Sandcastle, by Iris Murdoch (Viking; $3.95).

Her theme is old enough: middle-aged passion, its ruthlessness and futility. Mor is a schoolmaster in a minor public school, holding vaguely to Methodist principles long after Methodist faith is discarded, his highest ambition being to become a Labour member of Parliament. A well-intentioned, colorless individual, he is dominated by his wife, Nan, horribly destructive in her righteousness, terrifyingly impregnable in her limitations. With two grown children to launch in careers they lead a comfortless, restricted existence.

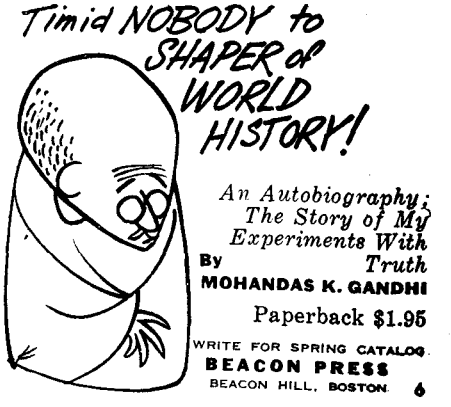
Into their grey world walks the young artist Rain Carter, glowing with life and talent. She has been commissioned by the School to paint the portrait of Demoyte, the retired head-master who still lives in the neighborhood: the book opens in fact with the spiteful comments of Nan on hearing that she is to be paid five hundred guineas for it. Miss Murdoch's description of Mor's falling in love with this exciting woman has an impressive sense of inevitability in it: what is less clear, and this is the only criticism I have to make, is why his feeling should ever have been returned.

The character of Rain herself remains mysterious and shadowy. What is superbly realized is that of Mor: weak, fearful, he is led by weakness and fear through a tangle of absurd deceits to the final crumbling of his hope and the victory of Nan: willing enough to throw duty aside, he is nevertheless recalled and chained to it by sheer incapacity. It is surely a proof of Miss Murdoch's skill that we remain deeply concerned for this incompetent fellow to the very last page: to portray mediocrity in such a manner is a triumph. And how admirably is the frantic passion of this aging man set against the claims of life, the classes to be taken, the examination papers to be corrected, the domestic routine: how poignantly are the children drawn, nervy and incalculable always from the lack of harmony at home, utterly shattered at the last by the discovery of their parent's estrangement.

THE minor figures are also brilliantly done and well contrasted. There is Demoyte, the incisive, rather wicked old man, who believed in scholarship and whose period of sovereignty at the school was still referred to as "the reign of terror," and dear Evvy, his successor, who pinned his simple faith to the building of character. Best of all is Bledyard, the art-master, a talented, original, reflective person who yet manages to be wildly comic. Until I read the account of his annual lecture I had always believed that the description by Thomas Mann in *Buddenbrooks* of dreadful boys baiting a defenseless master was perfect, and that no one should attempt it again. Miss Murdoch has proved me wrong.

To end with, here is a short excerpt. The author's intention may or may not have been ironic, but for one reader at least her words were a beautiful evocation of a happy marriage:

> Mrs. Prewett was a tall stout woman, with a broad tranquil face and very large hands. She had elected to don a dinner-gown made of coffee-colored lace, with a coffee-colored slip to match. A serrated line crossed her enormous front from east to west, below it the generous contour of her breasts, above it a flicker of underclothes and an expanse of flesh mottled by the sun to a deep reddish brown. Her arms . . . swung energetically from the short puffy sleeves of the lace gown as she looked about for Mr. Prewett. She saw him and swept forward with a shout. Prewett was obviously delighted to see her. He began complimenting her on her appearance.



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Another "Day," Another Dollar

by Donald Malcolm

MR. BISHOP is a versatile writer, and a busy one. He first hinted at the range of his capabilities when he produced, in rapid succession, *The Day Lincoln Was Shot* and a book about Jackie Gleason. Now he has exceeded himself. For, even as *The American Weekly* carries his articles on Jayne Mansfield (whose measurements, he solemnly avers, are 40-18-35), Harper & Bros. is producing his narrative of the last 24 hours in the life of Jesus Christ.

The Day Christ Died by Jim Bishop (Harper; $3.95).

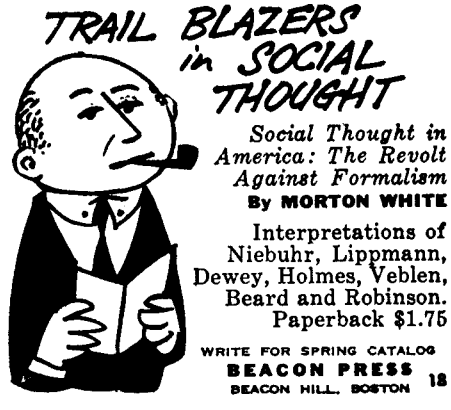
But in his haste, or perhaps because his attention was divided, Mr. Bishop has neglected to improve upon the King James version. To select a random passage for comparison, the Gospel according to St. John has it thus:

> Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene.
>
> When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son!
>
> Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home.

And here is Mr. Bishop's version:

> He drew himself up on the cross, so that he could speak. He clenched his teeth against the pain until his knees were straight again and he could breathe. Then, in an economy of words, he said: "Mother, behold your son." And Mary looked at John. Jesus looked steadily at John and said: "Son, behold your mother." John the apostle fastened his arm around Mary a little tighter. He looked up into the eyes of his Messiah and nodded. He understood.
>
> They turned and walked back to the others. This was a tragic moment for the Son of Man. . . . As she retreated from him, with the arm of John where he wished his could be, the eyes of Jesus misted and the pain of dying faded, for a moment, in the face of a greater ache.
>
> It wasn't much of a farewell. He could have said much more. He could have unlocked his reluctant man's heart, which does not usually speak eloquently of filial devotion, and he could have told her how much he really loved her, how much. . . .

Et cetera. I am not qualified to judge whether Mr. Bishop's offenses against theology are as great as his offenses against literature, but I have my suspicions. In fact, with the calm expectation that events will bear me out, I have already begun work on a book of my own, to be titled: *The Day Jim Bishop Was Struck By Lightning.*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A Belly Full

by Isa Kapp

WHEN so many of us work in public relations or service jobs where we must please someone rather than increase production, where our jokes, bearing and personnel silhouette may count for more than hard work or character—we begin to feel that entertainment and even social science should give us one more chance to see the public figure we cut. Russell Lynes gratifies this anxious wish in his essay, *A Surfeit of Honey,* which flashes us an image of ourselves in the next man's eye, and lets us take a final, adjusting look.

A Surfeit of Honey, by Russell Lynes (Harper; $3).

Mr. Lynes has only the slightest interest in how a society makes its decisions, who makes them and to what purpose, but he is ardently curious about who is making a splash or why he is no longer making it. Status is the central social truth for Lynes, and he deals with it like a capable valet exposing his employer's intimate contrivances. In an earlier book he supplied neat charts to keep us from confusing highbrows, lowbrows and middlebrows. In *A Surfeit of Honey* he gives away trade secrets on where the sons of professionals locate their brownstone houses, and what kind of spectacles the Washington diplomat is wearing.

It might be best to take Mr. Lynes for what he is, a sophisticated chatterer, upon whose conversation the gaudy surface of American life acts like a martini. But Lynes puts himself forward as a discreet moralist, chiding us for our prosperous excesses. From the way he harps on our present comforts and recalls how much friendlier our manners were and how much more thoughtful our outlooks during the depression era, we assume that he is out of rapport with mass-production materialism. Actually, this gadget-cluttered book is a complete surrender to the climate inveighed against. His language is full of advertising snap; things are never more in the saddle than when he is deriding them.

Mr. Lynes does make the discerning point, in estimating the success of young people, that the current ideal of well-roundedness is a self-defeating one. He suggests that the college-graduate who wants to discuss baseball, Bartok and international relations with equal confidence, or the young mother who wor-

Notes on Contributors

LEON EDEL is completing his biography of Henry James. HONOR TRACY is author of *The Straight and Narrow Path.* ISA KAPP is a frequent contributor to American literary journals. NORMAN PODHORETZ, an editor of *Commentary,* writes regularly on paper books for *NR.* PHILIP ROTH is on the English faculty of the University of Chicago.

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ries while she is reading a book at home that she is not at a P.T.A. meeting—will be forced to settle for dwarfed pleasures and neutral, compromising habits of mind. In our crowded culture, where not only property, but enterprise, diversion, and paper books are so abundant, this warning against eclecticism seems to be on the right track. Anything that will help us to resist an offer needs all the encouragement it can get.

But it is hard to criticize the cornucopia of prosperity while we are busy being grateful for the luxury and leisure it has given us. The chapter on "the new servant class" describes how men have recently been wheedled into inimical household chores, how they have won a short work week only to have longer week-ends for cleaning cellars, painting shutters and washing dishes. Yet it winds up with merry optimism, emphasizing the defeat of stuffy formality and the end of mother's lonely slavery in the kitchen.

Lynes and David Riesman (from whose sociological insights he heavily draws) seesaw between pride and despair: "Don't get me wrong," they imply. "More good than evil has come out of all this; and on the whole we are doing much better than our predecessors."

America, as Lynes and Riesman describe it, has liberated itself from want, but it will remain spiritually tied to necessity's apron strings as long as its intellectuals give such importance to the standard of living.

New Books in Brief

India: The Awakening Giant, **by W. S. Woytinsky (Harper; $3.75)**

TITLE notwithstanding, this is an unsentimental—if sympathetic—and in many ways very original introduction to India. More than half of it deals in a solid factual manner with India's economic plans and problems. But for all his authority as a specialist, Professor Woytinsky, an economist, not only spares us the language of his specialty but actually writes with a readable and sprightly iconoclasm. He seeks to demolish especially the icon of heavy industry as the "root and base" (Nehru's phrase) of economic progress in Asia. Indian and other Asian intellectuals, he maintains, worship industrialization as "a form of fetishism" at the expense of human factors more fundamental to economic development in any society:

> Impressed by the technology of the West, Indian leaders have overlooked the fact that in modern, prosperous countries, technology and sociology go together in one package.

What India needs, in Professor Woytinsky's scale of priorities, are massive education and health programs to make the most of unexploited human resources. From an economist, the reminder that people come first is an important one. Professor Woytinsky's book would be important were more space devoted to spelling out this reminder and less to quasi-journalistic impressions, which add little to what the author himself describes as "an incomplete and fragmentary" report on a limited visit.

Labor Union Monopoly: A Clear and Present Danger, **by Donald R. Richberg (Regnery; $3.50).**

LIKE the formidable Mr. Barrett of Wimpole Street, Mr. Richberg is *most* displeased. The shining targets of his displeasure are the President, Congress, and especially the Supreme Court, but he is far from satisfied with the conduct and character of the American people *en masse.* (We were better 50 years ago when "the insidious poison of what is called democratic socialism had not infected masses of our people.") Even the National Association of Manufacturers has, according to Mr. Richberg, sometimes acted stupidly. He doesn't like Mr. Walter Reuther, either. In fact, there seems to be nothing to which he can give his unreserved approval except Mr. Richberg's scheme for revamping existing labor legislation.

When Mr. Richberg is displeased it is not in him to remain inert. He does something about it, and when he attacks, he attacks headlong. In this instance he not only attacks, but he gets his man; indeed, this book works such execution on Mr. Richberg's man that the land is strewn with straw from Dan to Beersheba. The opponent so completely demolished is, in Mr. Richberg's words, "the closed union shop." Some people may have harbored the idea that the closed shop, being what extreme unionists desire, and the union shop, being what they had to settle for, cannot be combined into a closed union shop; but Mr. Richberg can and does combine them, and a horrid thing the combination is.

It has come into existence through the agencies of spineless Presidents (the incumbent "despite his earlier vigorous opposition to a welfare state, has advanced many welfare state projects"), limber-jenkins Congresses, and, above all, "a Supreme Court majority which overrules the dictionary as well as itself . . . an apparently illiterate judiciary." Unless this thing is wiped out—so the book ends—"a socialized economy and a socialist labor government are inevitable. This, unhappily, is not a remote prospect but one that is rapidly developing."

Truly, a prospect to start the sweat on the most tranquil brow!

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PAPERBACK BOOKS

A Neglected French Classic

I KNOW nothing about Choderlos de Laclos except that he was French, that he lived in the 18th Century, and that he was the author of a great novel called *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* (1782), which has just been issued in a New Directions paperback under the title *Dangerous Acquaintances.* (The translation is by the British novelist, Richard Aldington.) As far as I've been able to determine from talking to a few friends—some of whom are on fairly intimate terms with French literature—my ignorance is not unusual. *Dangerous Acquaintances* may be known in this country, but if so, it is only by a remarkably unenthusiastic group that never bothers to mention the book.

Like much 18th Century fiction, both English and French, *Dangerous Acquaintances* is an epistolary novel. De Laclos pretends to be the editor of a many-sided and interconnected correspondence that has been turned over to him by a relative of one of the parties involved, and in an ironic preface, he solemnly announces that his sole purpose in printing the letters is to serve the moral edification of the public. He also—and again ironically—apologizes for neglecting to correct offenses against perfect formal usage in the style of the letters. In fact, of course, such "correction" would have reduced these marvellously authentic documents to the dull sameness of polite, graceful 18th Century composition; as it is, de Laclos manages to get the ring of an individual voice into every one of them without unduly violating the rigid requirements of the epistolary proprieties of classical French.

And not the least impressive feature of the novel is the way de Laclos uses style to expose both the nature of the French aristocracy and the representative significance of each character. For example, the personalities of the two main correspondents, the Vicomte de Valmont and his former mistress, the Marquise de Merteuil (both of whom have repudiated every moral principle officially espoused by the world they live in), break through the constraints of 18th Century expression more freely than any of the others, but at the same time the two rebels are shown to be as subservient to the demands of correct usage as the moral conformists they despise. This is one of the means by which de Laclos drives home the point that the immoralist principles of these unscrupulous libertines (principles that their piously respectable contemporaries are quick to be horrified by) are an organic product of the very structure of aristocratic society in 18th Century France—and not merely a single product among many, but the truest reflection of the real values that animate the life of that society.

The plot centers on a conspiracy between Valmont and Mme. de Merteuil to avenge themselves on the Comte de Gercourt by arranging for the seduction and corruption of his innocent fifteen-year-old betrothed, Cécile Volanges. (Gercourt's crime is that he once deserted the Marquise's bed to take up with a woman then belonging to Valmont.) Valmont, meanwhile, is also busily engaged in trying to seduce the formidable Mme. de Tourvel, a famous "prude" who is so religious and so virtuous that she has been able to resist the advances of all comers for the astonishingly long period of two years (i.e., the duration of her married life). The friendship of Valmont and the Marquise is based on a common view of life: both are wicked by "principle," having disciplined themselves to pursue gratification without scruple and with absolutely no regard for the pain they cause others.

They regard themselves an élite, equipped with the intelligence to see through the hypocrisy and mercilessness of society, the will and courage to defy its prohibitions, and the cunning to avoid damaging exposure. But their single-minded pursuit of sexual triumphs is not in the least motivated by passion; indeed, they look upon passion as yet another foolishness to which the herd of conventional simpletons is subject, and another device by which they can play upon their victims. The one purpose of life is to conquer a lover and then put him through the cruelest of humiliations—and the more ingeniously arranged the humiliation, the better.

AND the truth is that they *are* an élite, that they *have* seen through the shoddy pretensions of society, that they are more intelligent, more honest, more charming, and hardly more vicious than anyone else in the world around them. In the romantic young idealist Danceny, in the stern Mme. de Volanges, in the old codger Mme. de Rosemonde, in the innocent little Cécile, and especially in the superbly realized character of the "prude," Mme. de Tourvel, de Laclos emphasizes the hollowness, the harshness, the blindness to human needs and desires, and the absurd unreality that define the society against whose official attitudes Valmont and Mme. de Merteuil take their stand.

Ultimately, of course, they themselves fall victim to "weakness": they are destroyed through their refusal to admit that they are, very simply, in love with each other. This is de Laclos' supreme irony—the rebels have after all rebelled for the wrong reasons, they have been infinitely less bold than they imagined and not nearly radical enough. What they have done is merely to pit one form of inhuman dedication against another.

The greatness of *Dangerous Acquaintances* lies in its rich exploration of immoralism (an exploration that makes de Laclos' contemporary, the

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Marquis de Sade, look shallow by comparison), and the profound sense it gives us of the intimate relation between immoralism and "morality." But this is too abstract a way of putting it. The novel has surface as well as depth: De Laclos brilliantly evokes the living presence of a world that offers nothing but the trivial game of sexual intrigue to occupy the energy and imagination of its most gifted creatures. And what an appalling expenditure of energy and imagination the "principles" of Valmont and Mme. de Merteuil calls forth! It is difficult not to see in *Dangerous Acquaintances* (published seven years before the storming of the Bastille) a herald of the French revolution, much as the plays of Chekhov and the novels of Dostoevsky now seem ominous portents of the Russian.

NORMAN PODHORETZ

ART

The Italians Go American

ONE of the most instructive institutional shows staged by American museums is the watercolor biennial of the Brooklyn Museum. The nineteenth exhibition, which has just closed, combined 133 watercolors by Italian artists with 89 by Americans. The curious effect the show gives is that American art is meeting itself coming back.

Enthusiasm for the late Jackson Pollock was everywhere evident in the Italian section. In an age of spontaneous generation of art names, it is a pleasure to report that the Italians apparently have no word for abstract expressionism, a deprivation they are well advised to put up with. The Italian critic, Lionello Venturi, uses "astratto-concreto" which seems to be not quite the same thing but close enough for the nominal purposes of criticism.

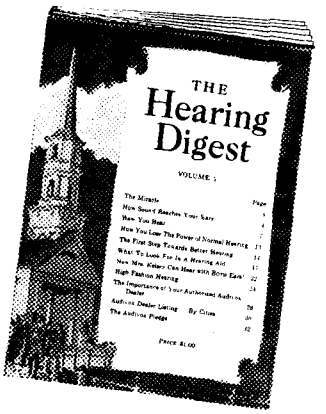
What the Italians have been painting is a watercolor version of what the hottest Americans have been dabbling in oil for the last decade. In several respects the translation is a vast improvement on the original—particularly in the matter of size. Abstract expressionist painting, in the space of a few years period, has moved steadily from decoration for a wall to substitute for a wall. The effect of this arbitrary giantism upon the spectator of normal goodwill is much the same as that of the sheer size of General Motors upon the average political man and the sheer size of government upon the average economic man: irritation and terror. This understandable reaction is probably at the base of much of the public unsympathy enjoyed by the abstract expressionists.

Probably because paper is not as substantial a ground as canvas or board, the Italian watercolors in the American way are down to manageable proportions. You can look at them and enjoy them without making a total commitment.

The Italian watercolors, then, purify abstract expressionism of its pretentions and of the sweating earnestness that has characterized a good deal of it in this country. Nobody's immortal soul seems to be at stake in the painting and it is possible, as in grandfather's day, to look at pictures in an exhibition just for pleasure.

Tancredi is the Italian most immediately recognizable as an American abstract expressionist at heart. In his three compositions, all of reasonable size and all of fairly flat surface, he uses three completely different ways of putting on the color. The difference of the dabs is itself evidence that, as a painter, he uses his means without immolating himself in them. Antonio Music has two pictures of fishermen's nets that are almost reverses of each other, black on white and white on black. Piero Garino has three paintings, "Forest," "Hill" and "Trees" all of which more or less suggest all three subjects engulfed in either forest fire or an astonishing sunset; the technique is again the dribs and drabs of abstract expressionism and while the effect is indeed a world of fire and paint, it is a world one can look at without falling into. A number of Ital-

Experienced deaf people* will especially appreciate this



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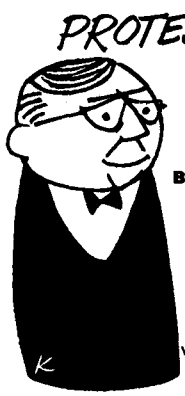
ians are doing in watercolor just about what they do in oil, notably Santomaso and his soft quality of water-reflected light and Capogrossi and his flat elegant finger forms.

The only American who really makes an effort at texturism is Miriam Beerman, whose "Terrestre" is like Pollock but comprehensively small with a pleasant play of lights and darks through the foliage. Jimmy Ernst and Sam Francis are both easier to take in watercolor than in oil, though Francis' "Yellow, Violet and White Forms" is more flux than form.

The weight of the American section is decidedly toward reality and the discernible image. As with the Italians, many of the Americans are translating their own work in other media into watercolor. Stuart Davis' "Water Street" is a gay and bouncy urban scene in abstracted red and green forms with open areas of black lines on white. More apparent than in most of his oils is Davis' bent for putting bones into Matisse. Max Weber has a major work, "At The Easel," in which subtly colored planes back up the comic pathos of his line figure. Edmund Lewandowski has a crisp sharp study of girders in blue and orange with the effective planear penetration of his related oil in this year's Corcoran. Morris Graves' "Hibernation" shows a split-open hillside with burrow and sleeping animal, all done in the gentle colors and soft scratches of the painter. As with a good deal of Graves' work, I found it possible to enjoy "Hibernation" as a rather tender animal study even though I know nothing of the Zen Buddhism that so fascinates him and was not bringing to bear my smattering of knowledge of more familiar mysticism.

FRANK GETLEIN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MOVIES

Rescue from Philosohpy

THE ads say that *Funny Face* is "a new kind of musical comedy." But certainly the Cinderella story which propels the action of the film is not new: Audrey Hepburn is a poor, glamorless young girl who sells books in a basement bookstore in New York; Fred Astaire is a fashion photographer who discovers that, like the Magic Slipper, Miss Hepburn's face fits—it is *the* different face for which Astaire's boss, the editor of *Quality Magazine*, has been searching. Acting then as a kind of corporate Fairy Godmother, designers, dressmakers, photographers, editors, transmute Cinderella into a Princess, and at last she attends the Ball, or as it is here, the Paris Showing.

Funny Face (Paramount).

But the ads are in part right, for Miss Hepburn's portrayal is indeed new. When the picture opens she proclaims vehemently her opposition to all the values for which *Quality Magazine* stands; *Quality* is philistine, commercial. *She* is not interested in clothes. She reads! She thinks! She lives in Greenwich Village where people "*do* things!" (As always Miss Hepburn's sincerity of assertion substitutes for any proof, and one is left to imagine what exactly the people of Greenwich Village do that the people at *Quality* do not.) But, bargains Mr. Astaire, if she will travel to Paris as a *Quality* model, she will be able to hear lectures given by her intellectual god, Professor Flostra, who lives and studies in Paris. She beholds the apple, and she bites. And so begins her Fashion Fulbright. Her very first evening in Paris she strolls the narrow streets, singing that she wants to visit "the den of thinking men, like Jean Paul Sartre . . . "

But because she knows the name Jean Paul Sartre, the audience need have no fear. Actually they need only remember that the Greenwich Village Bookshop in which she clerked was called "Embryo Concepts," that the philosophical system to which she subscribes is called "Empathicalism," to realize that Miss Hepburn's intellectuality is her comic flaw. Not that we laugh *at* her; that she likes books endears her to us—particularly since there is some doubt about whether she really reads them. Like the minister who thinks himself tipsy on one wee glass of elderberry wine, Miss Hepburn's virtue is the sweeter for its invulnerability. Luckily for her, she only *thinks* she is an intellectual; the foundation of Empathicalism, for instance, is "empathy" and as Miss Hepburn explains to Mr. Astaire, empathy is putting yourself in someone else's place; or as the fashion editor of *Quality* indicates near the end of the film, that just means being nice to everybody. For Miss Hepburn to call so simple a thing empathy is laughable but lovely. Of course by the end of the film Miss Hepburn has thrown out the jargon of philosophy (sic) as well as philosophy itself. Success, via *Quality*, has re-educated her; she is saved.

IT is interesting to see why Empathicalism turns out to be unworthy of Miss Hepburn's support. Burning to discuss Empathicalism with Professor Flostra (he is young and has a beard), Miss Hepburn lures herself to the professor's chambers, where, after several hours of talk—all Miss Hepburn's—Flostra's interest shifts from the philosophical to the physical. He attempts to hold Miss Hepburn's hand; she is shocked. His advances continue, she hits him over the head with a piece of modernistic sculpture, she departs. Flostra is never accused of being a phoney intellectual or even a regular intellectual; he cannot prove himself a fraudulent philosopher since he never once speaks a word about philosophy. He is guilty of being a man. You just don't go around kissing Audrey Hepburn.

Miss Hepburn then is a new kind of heroine not only because she speaks of Sartre and Tolstoy but also because her moral stance, in its hyper-innocence, is so novel for musical comedy. Consider, for instance, Mr. Astaire's early dance partners. Can one imagine Ginger Rogers being astonished when a young, virile-looking man like Flostra wants to

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kiss her? Miss Rogers might have fought him off, but out of the knowledge that there was a world beyond the kiss which she did not wish to explore; on the other hand, Miss Hepburn's moral voyage has never shown her this other world, and when she cracks Flostra on the head one feels it is not because she knows what's coming next, but because she does not.

By "Miss Hepburn" I mean of course the Miss Audrey Hepburn Hollywood has created. Doubtless the real Audrey Hepburn possesses a moral intelligence of greater depth than her cinematic sister, and is, as her dancing in *Funny Face* indicates, a woman of some grace, intelligence, and wit.

But if Miss Hepburn is innocent as a child, Mr. Astaire must himself be as innocent towards her as a father towards his pretty little daughter. The audience seems asked to believe that men over 45 are either unknowing or impotent, or perhaps victimized by a combination of both. Miss Hepburn only a year or two ago was paired off in *Sabrina* with another gentleman who treated her as kindly and sexlessly as would a father, Humphrey Bogart. That she was cast as Natasha in *War and Peace* is also consistent with the moviegoers' vision of her as a child too young for the spice of lust but old enough for seasoned love; in *War and Peace* her Flostra was Kuragin, her Astaire, Pierre.

Funny Face may be a new kind of musical, but it's the old moral—or amoral—universe of Hollywood. It is in its way as naive as Elvis Presley's. Where Presley associates being "dirty" with being sexual, Miss Hepburn confuses being "nice" with being innocent. What is unnerving is that the same audience is willing to be convinced of both perversions at the very same time.

PHILIP ROTH

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WRITE FOR SPRING CATALOG

BEACON PRESS

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A Communication

(*Continued from page 3*)

ferent versions of famous poems, and the only thing that concerns us as readers is the final result.

There are a few other points I'd like to bring up. One has to do with a poet's right to use his own idiom, whether this is bop talk, Old French, or English public school usage. Nobody will ever be able to prove that Milton was a better or worse writer because of his education, any more than they can say that Villon, as a poet, would have been better off had he had a calm and secure existence. For better or worse, Milton's education had become a part of him. Mr. Graves says it's not "honest English" for him to use such Latinate phrases as "dimple sleek" and "fantastic toe." Well, to be pragmatic about it, they create the pictures they're supposed to, and in no time at all.

I wish to question also the critic's right to judge a poet's work by his personal life. I doubt that Mr. Graves would do this, but, by the clever juxtaposition of ideas, he very cunningly invites the reader to do so.

Mr. Graves quotes Milton as saying:

> Yet daffodillies fill your cups with tears
> And strew them on the hearse where Lycid lies . . .

my copy of *Lycidas* says (and I start with the line before, because this is necessary to the sense):

> Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
> And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
> To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.

Finally—and just in passing—it's too bad Mr. Graves' daughter had to have her first introduction to *L'Allegro* in a version that starts with the twenty-fifth line. The sombre first ten lines are necessary for contrast with what comes later, and the next fourteen, with their serene music, make just the right transition to the tripping measures of "Haste thee, Nymph." Whatever the motive of the anthologist, it's quite unfair to present young people with an incomplete copy of so short a poem.

DORIS BONNER

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